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ALL ROUND THE PEAK.

3.—Bakewell to Hathersage.

LOOKING over our ordnance map for the materials of a two days' walk which would enable us to complete our journey round the Peak, it was undoubtedly the memory of a pleasant holiday in a year long gone that caused us to place our finger upon Bakewell, and select that as the starting point. Our purpose being to go through Stoney Middleton and Eyam, Hassop, as the nearer station, would have suited better, had we not been haunted by a desire to look again upon sylvan Wye, where, on a day

> When all the land in flowery squares,
> Beneath a broad and equal blowing wind,
> Smelt of the coming summer,

we lay in the long grass of the rich water meadows, and watched the anglers whip the stream with may-fly or cock-a-bonddhu.

Having decided, therefore, for ancient Badecanwylla,

> Upon a time when lilies blow,
> And clouds are highest up in air,

we took a railway ticket, and in due time were set down at the station of the little town which has been celebrated for its hot baths since the time of the Saxons who gave it a name. Dropping down the steep road from the station we could see the river winding about in long reaches, through mead and woodland, towards Haddon Vale and Rowsley, beyond which it joins the Derwent at Matlock. The town, characterized by a stony cleanness and respectability, clusters in the hollow and rising ground of the opposite bank. We cross the bridge and turn into the Castle for luncheon, where we find nothing better at hand to satisfy our appetite than a meagre repast of bread and cheese, which, however, we manage to wash down with copious draughts of beer. It is a matter for regret that Bakewell, otherwise attractive enough and a good centre for tourists, is so inhospitable in its inns. Recrossing the bridge, we take the road along the river bank to the left. As we go

> A breeze begins to tremble o'er
> The large leaves of the sycamore,

and not only "fluctuates all the still perfume" from garden and hedgerow, but blows the limestone dust in blinding clouds along the roads. We pass under the railway at the Hassop Station, and proceed along a pleasant road, where the thorn is white with blossom, until we reach Hassop village, shaded in leafy covert of tall trees. Upon the left of the road, by the edge of the park, where dwells the Earl of Newborough, is a Catholic Chapel, built of stone, of a Grecian style of architecture, in which there is an altar piece of the crucifixion by Lewis Caracci. Beyond Hassop the road, shady with tall elms, takes us through a wooded dale, and then we pass Calver, a village of thatched cottages, which straggles down a hollow and round a stone mill, with limestone hills and lime-kilns about it. At the toll-bar beyond we turn to the left into Middleton Dale, and, passing Lord Denman's park, enter Stoney Middleton.

The village of Stoney Middleton is built on ridges of limestone, and has a stream flowing down the main street. At the farther end of the village the road is walled in by lofty precipices of limestone, fringed with mountain ash. Under one of the deepest of these we note a little hostelry, named "The Lover's Leap," into which we turn to hear the legend of the place. We find the cheery buxom landlady on household cares intent, but as we sit in the sanded kitchen, she tells us, in the pauses of her work, how some hundred years ago, and in the memory of her ancestors, a foolish love-sick maiden, for some cause not clearly defined, leapt from the cliff above the house, but, having her fall broken by intercepting branches, was not killed, but lived to regret the folly of the deed, and died unmarried. Leaving the cheerful kitchen, we proceed along the road for half a mile, between the cliffs and by the stream and burning limekilns, and, turning to the right, enter the famous village of Eyam. We find ourselves in the broad, open, dusty space of a long winding street, on each side of which are old-fashioned houses, built with picturesque irregularity. To the left, on high ground, the square tower of the church rises above the houses, whither we turn our steps, and, passing up the steep road, enter the churchyard through a style, and are among the graves thick with rank grass and weeds and overshadowed with lindens.

Around this church and the adjoining parsonage cluster the most pathetic associations of the Plague which, in the year 1665-6, swept away five-sixths of the population of the village. It is matter of history how, in a box of clothes and tailor's patterns, the Plague was brought hither from London, and how when it began to spread, the Rev. William Mompesson, then rector of the place, drew a sanitary cordon in a radius of half-a-mile from the centre round the village, and thus prevented it spreading to the country about. The story of his noble self-denying labours among the sick and dying, and his ministrations to the living, in that plague-stricken circle during the fatal twelve months has often been told and we need not repeat it here. To the left of the path as we enter the churchyard is the tomb of Mompesson's wife who, remaining with him, was also stricken down by the Plague and died. As for the rest of the victims "their graves are scattered far and wide," some in the churchyard, others in the fields and on the hill sides, traceable yet by memorial olives as in the case of the Riley graves on Riley Ridge behind the town. Away down this road, beyond the church to the left, is Cucklet Dell, where, when the church was closed for sanitary reasons, Mompesson collected his flock on Sundays and preached to them on Sundays in the open air from the pulpit rock. Near Mrs. Mompesson's grave is a Runic or Scandinavian cross, richly carved, which was discovered by John Howard, the prison philanthropist, lying covered with rank growth of nettles in a neglected corner of the churchyard, and at his suggestion it was placed in its present position. Wandering among the graves we come upon a memorial to Richard Furness, a local poet, and author of *The Rag Bag*, a satirical poem of some pretensions, and written after the manner of Crabbe. The church is a substantial building, grey and time-worn, of various dates and construction, and having over the principal entrance a curiously-complicated sun-dial. Leaving the church we walk down the village street, getting glimpses of the interiors of the cottages which formed the scenes of so many tragic circumstances, recalling as we go the shades of two persons who went in and out among them, and who both survived the awful time. One of them, that of the noble parson, who, in "the faith that looks through death," ministered to the material and spiritual wants of living, sick, and dying; the other that of the grim grave-digger, Marshall Howe, a giant in size and strength, who, from lower and pecuniary motives, performed the needful office of burial by slinging the yet warm corpses over his shoulder with a rope and carrying them to the graves he had dug.

At the Bold Rodney Inn we halt and inquire our way to Hathersage. We find that by taking the path across Eyam Moor we can save some miles and get the advantage of fine upland views. To do this we strike across the street opposite the inn and up the steep slope beyond. Reaching the high ground we halt to look down upon the village nestled below. There is a profusion of wood about, and prominently among the trees is the ash, which recalls a curious custom which doubtless yet lingers here. On May Day it was the custom to cut large poles of mountain ash and decorate them with flowers, and to hang bunches of flowers from the cottage windows. Another quaint practice of considerable antiquity was to anoint the head of the sick with May-dew gathered at daybreak. Reaching a road above we turn to the right, and then work up to the moorland, which we enter by a gate at the end of the road. Out on this broad breathing place, with its tufted carpet of brown heather furrowed by sandy paths and the cart ruts of generations, we can see far and wide, over hill and dale, and to Hathersage, with its church spire rising from a cluster of houses on the opposite side of the valley. Had we time for the search there are Druid stones scattered about the moor, prominent among which is a circle of sixteen stones with the Maen Gorsedd, or stone of assembly, in the centre; here, tradition says, the priest was wont to stand, clad in his uni-coloured robe, to perform the ceremony of

the sheathing of the sword in the presence of the people. Down over the moor we go, getting fine views of the wooded valley to the right, through which the Derwent flows unseen. Leaving the moor, we turn along a lane which takes us by an old gothic house with heavy mullioned windows, known as Hog Hall, and so into the main road from Eyam. A broad stone bridge crosses the Derwent. We lean over its parapet to look down into the tree-fringed stream which

> Chatters over stony ways
> In little sharps and trebles,
> And bubbles into eddying bays,
> And babbles on the pebbles.

The swallows are skimming over the water: a sportsman coming up bangs off both his barrels at the birds but happily kills none. With him we walk into Hathersage and find ourselves in company with an enthusiastic game destroyer, who has an eye for natural scenery and can point out the best views in the neighbourhood. From his pocket he takes a young live plover, which is to have its wings cut and hop about a garden to destroy grubs. At the entrance of the village we part company, and, being directed to the Ordnance Arms as the best inn, go thither and find it an unpromising stone building without, but very cheerful and comfortable within. After tea we saunter up to the church, a decorated gothic building, with an octagonal spire, placed on a green flat space of the hill behind. In its graveyard Robin Hood's henchman, Little John, is said to be buried. It is one of the most charming situations for a churchyard we have seen. About it are stone houses, with ivy walled grey old gardens, shady with pine and sycamore, and cottages heavy with thatch, the roofs of some almost on a level with the graveyard. In one of these Little John is said to have been born.

Standing on the smooth trimly-kept turf, we can look from among the yews and rhododendrons out over the valley and the intervening tree-crowned ridges to Mill Stone Edge on the left, with the Rocking Stones standing clear out against the evening sky, and along the Derwent Vale and around by Eyam Moor towards Hope Dale. In the fading light we walk down into the village and linger a little outside the school-house to listen to the sweet singing of an evening hymn, and then, as the moon rises full over Mill Stone Edge, walk back to our inn for the night.

COMMERCIAL LIFE IN MANCHESTER.

THE COMMON CARRIER.

THE common carrier represents a very old institution, and, unlike the railway with which he is now so closely and, we presume, indissolubly connected, can boast of very ancient ancestors and a pedigree of a very startling character. With the carrier of old was associated romance, ignorance, adventure, and poverty—the carrier of to-day represents facts, wealth, wisdom, and power.

Carriers cannot spring into existence like mushrooms, or rise suddenly in our midst in shoals like insurance agents, or even create themselves by any given law of nature or commerce. That they have a birth, and youth, however, we do not for a moment deny, but in respect to the advent of the carrier proper of Manchester all we can say is that it must have been a very long time ago. We mean this in a double sense, and for the sake of clearness we shall speak of our carrier in the singular number.

It is said that the intricacies of railway management of the present day almost baffle the majority of the ablest intellect to thoroughly understand, and it may be also with truth asserted that the carrier's business is of that complicated nature as to be beyond the grasp of mere ordinary mortals. It is not a business which can be conducted within four walls, or a given building, or a certain district. It is more or less cosmopolitan in its character, while it retains all the power and influence of a centralized local institution. The carrier is assumed to be, and really is to a large extent, the servant or agent of the railway company, between whom and the great commercial public he is fixed in the multifarious capacities of carter, porter, collector, mediator, ambassador, diplomatist, arbiter, general convenience, and universal obliger. He is bound to watch the interest of his principals, profess a great concern for those of the public, and very carefully and very properly protect his own. He must dance attendance upon his master, run beseechingly after the public, give the whole of his time to the railway folks, and all his attention to his clients. He must satisfy the wants and realize the dreams of sanguine officials and meet the demands and anticipate the requirements of fastidious customers. The carrier, owing to the peculiar position in which he is placed, must conciliate the great railway managers, soothe the great public, and smother his own wrath in his great self. He must yield to the whims of his employers, and pander to the weakness of his friends. To sustain and expand the influence of the railway company he must coax, accommodate, and flatter the Manchester trader. He has to argue with the one and reason with the other, fight about matters of principle, and battle amid the intricacies of detail. In short, the carrier is obliged to serve two masters, and succeeds, notwithstanding the scriptural axiom to the contrary.

A carrier, however, cannot owe allegiance to two principals, that is to say, he cannot act for two distinct antagonistic routes, but he may form an alliance with any company whose interests are foreign to those of the railway with which he is identified. There is a peculiar and convenient exception to this obvious agreement in Manchester, where three of the principal carriers are agents to what is called the Humber Conference, which consists of the L. & N. W., L. & Y., M. S. & L. and North Eastern Companies; but this agency has reference only to traffic hence to the east coast. Apart from the canals, no carrier proper can exist in Manchester without the patronage, or under the agency, of one of the railway companies. Therefore, it is evident that—since further railway creation and extension, so far as this city at all events is concerned, may naturally be considered at an end—the introduction of another carrier would seem to be out of the question, unless the directors of the Midland discovered the fact that they were acting the carrier here at a great sacrifice, in which event we should doubtless have to prepare for a new importation of the inexplicable. It will be obvious from these facts that the existing carrier must keep pace with the growing expansion of the trade of the neighbourhood, or, failing to do so, must yield the palm of pre-eminence to his opponent, lose the confidence of his company, and weaken his position and influence with the public.

A Manchester carrier's life would be one of unparalleled drudgery, unexampled mental strain, were it not relieved by fitful gleams of sunshine and ever varying scenes of interest, passion, and excitement. His duties are onerous, his responsibilities limitless. The astonishing feats of conjuring adventurers dwarf into insignificance when compared with the remarkable performances of our carrier. He will take possession of goods and merchandize in our warehouses, and with paternal care convey them about the globe with amazing rapidity, giving them up to our distant friends, whether in Timbuctoo or the wilds of Tartary, or China or Japan, in safety and condition. His risks and liabilities must be something stupendous. If he knows where they begin he is not always so certain where they end. There is one very common error prevalent in our commercial circles in respect to the liability of the carrier for loss of damage to goods which we will explain away. Supposing we receive to-day a case of paper from our carrier which is in a damaged state and useless. We want to refuse it and claim its full value, but the law says, no, you can't; you must accept it, and show your actual loss. Then we do so, and demand compensation from our carrier, but the law says, no, you can't; you must begin at the beginning and claim upon the carrier or railway company to whom the said case was originally delivered, whether in London or Hamburgh, who by consequence were the contracting parties for its safe conveyance, and who alone can legally be held responsible. The carrier, however, from motives of policy and convenience, frequently arranges the compensation on the spot, which, while it is really a boon to the public, impresses the trader with an erroneous notion of a liability which does not exist.

A carrier's daily routine is laborious; now disheartening, again encouraging. He kindly quotes rates of carriage for goods which his neighbour obtains, assiduously canvasses for traffic which his opponent secures, quietly fees a packer for the "next town," which town is just as quietly given to a rival for a like consideration. A carrier must be able to answer satisfactorily every conceivable question about everybody's business, for it is assumed that he knows everything, and is conversant with every one's affairs. He must be lucid to the stupid, good-tempered to the bully, gracious to the fastidious, and calm to the impatient enquirer. He must be prepared at any given moment to execute the most impossible feats upon the simple request of any powerful client, and guarantee the delivery of goods at certain places within certain hours, quite irrespective of every law, human or divine. The

greater the despatch, the greater the demand of the commercial public. Merchants, not satisfied with unprecedented facilities, absolutely require their goods conveyed more rapidly than they themselves could travel by express train. It is a frequent occurrence that Manchester manufactured goods, which have only been purchased in our city warehouses *in the afternoon*, are snugly stowed away on board a Mediterranean steamer, sailing out of the Mersey, *the same evening*. This means that in a comparatively few hours a quantity of goods have been selected, bought, sent to the packers, given to the carrier who carts here, conveys them to Liverpool and carts to the steamer, which takes possession of them and clears off on her voyage immediately afterwards. The carrier does many other sharp things which an exacting public hardly appreciate.

CRICKET.

MANCHESTER v. BROUGHTON.

MANCHESTER.—Messrs. G. Hartley, Mollison, J. T. Ashworth, "E. Butler," "E. Field," J. Fildes, Harrop, Mudd, Pountney, Captain Dawson, and Hickton. First innings, 196; second innings 12, and two wickets down.

BROUGHTON.—Messrs. "J. Brown," Moorhouse, "H. Jones," Dearden, J. Makinson, "C. Robinson," T. Mellor, F. Rutter, Sanderson, E. Wadsworth, and Morley. First innings, 96; second innings, 147.

THE foregoing list of cricketers contains as many aliases as the claimant of the Tichborne estates acknowledges, and we have distinguished them by inverted commas. Unlike that notorious individual, however, who appears to be a sort of compound of the celebrated Daniel Lambert, and Lambert Simnel, the baker's son who claimed the English throne, cricketers are sometimes obliged to play under feigned names from motives of expediency. This is to be regretted, but, as it can scarcely be avoided, we shall not be so uncourteous as to break through the disguise, especially as a very little ingenuity on the part of those readers who understand cricket will enable them to penetrate the veil.

The match, which was arranged at the beginning of the season to be between the Manchester Club and Ground and the Broughton Club and Ground, was, after a little diplomatic fencing, altered to the Manchester Club and Ground *v.* Ten Broughton Gentlemen, with Morley. This change of title arose from the Broughton Club having no professional bowler engaged this season. Under the circumstances the Manchester Club agreed to their adversaries engaging a bowler for the occasion. Broughton accordingly fixed upon Morley, from Bolton, who, we believe, is a Kentishman. They could scarcely have made a better choice. He is a good left-handed bowler, very active in the field, and proved himself a safe and steady bat. Hickton, since last year, has transferred his services to the Old Trafford Club; but it did not appear to hurt his feelings much when he succeeded in scattering the stumps of his former allies. He smiled maliciously when Mr. Rutter bowled him clean in the Manchester first innings; but his face positively beamed when he retaliated afterwards by performing a similar office for "Fred." The Manchester Club brought a strong eleven into the field, although not their strongest. Their resources, however, are so great, and, owing to their connection with the County Club, they cover such a large area, which gives them the pick of the whole of East Lancashire, that they have no difficulty in finding a first eleven at any moment. Neither Mr. Leese, Mr. Hornby, nor Mr. Appleby played; and although Mr. A. B. Rowley, Mr. Swire, and Mr. Woolff were on the ground during at least a portion of the game, they took no part in it. In this respect the Manchester Club has a great advantage over Broughton, which is at present sorely pushed to raise a first eleven, and has to look entirely within its own borders for players. Not to mention Mr. Wright, we missed Mr. Fothergill, and Mr. L. Middlemost, whilst Mr. Bousfield, who used to play on the Broughton side, ceased to be a member of the club two seasons ago, and now plays for Manchester. Broughton, therefore, had hard work to make up a team, but at the last moment Mr. F. Rutter, who has not played previously this season, having left the neighbourhood, and Mr. E. Wadsworth gallantly came to the rescue. Mr. Rutter did good service in bowling, and Mr. Wadsworth had the satisfaction of carrying out his bat, although, as he went in last and his colleague who faced him was bowled as soon as he reached the wickets, there was perhaps not much consolation to be derived from the feat.

In the Manchester Eleven there were many faces quite new to us, and several of the players made their *début* on the Broughton ground. One of these, Mr. J. T. Ashworth from Rochdale, made a downright good innings of twenty-two, and looks all over a cricketer. As usual, when in a cricketing difficulty, we had recourse for information to old Ormskirk, who soon enlightened us regarding the strangers, and gave us the names, merits, and colours of the players. Although the match resulted in a draw, and ended (upon paper) all in favour of the Manchester Eleven, who had only thirty-six runs to make and nine wickets to make them in when time was called, the game was a very interesting one throughout, and at certain times and crises of the match on Saturday was so exciting as even to draw the old bowling duffers, who care as much for cricket as for crocodiles, from the adjoining green to witness the play. Had the match commenced at an earlier hour on Friday—it was three o'clock before a ball was bowled—*ceteris paribus*, it would inevitably have been finished, which would have been pleasing to the spectators and doubtless to the conquerors. The public, like a sportsman after a hard day's run with the hounds, likes to finish with a kill, and cricketers, like the hounds themselves, are the better of being "blooded" occasionally, by way of encouragement and to keep up their mettle. As it was, however, Broughton did well in pulling the fat out of the fire.

Broughton won the toss, but sent in their opponents first, probably because the ground was dead, and because there were only some six or seven of their own men up. Mr. Hartley and Mr. Mollison went first to the wickets, and remained their about a couple of hours before they were separated. When they had scored about forty, there was a very near thing between Mr. Hartley and the wicket-keeper, and there was a simultaneous appeal from the whole field. "Not out," however, was the prompt and irrevocable reply of the umpire. A chance, given by Mr. Mollison, was missed by a Broughton substitute, but, on the whole, these two gentlemen played an innings which will long be remembered, and 100 on the score, without the loss of a wicket, looked ominous for Broughton. There was not much joy in the tents of Israel at that period, but rather wailing and gnashing of teeth. The Manchester backers, however, were hilarious, and Mr. T. T. Bellhouse, who achieved a triumph in this identical match twenty years since, was particularly joyous. After the two first wickets had fallen for 106 runs between them, Captain Dawson made 18 in excellent style, until his stumps were lowered by a stinger from Morley. Mr. Ashworth, as we have already said, contributed 22, and was stumped by Mr. Moorhouse from a ball of Mr. J. Makinson. At this period of the game a great *contretemps* happened to Manchester. The well-known crack Old Trafford player, Mr. E. Butler, who was Captain of the Eleven, was bowled and caught by Morley from the very first ball which was sent to him. This revived the drooping spirits of the Broughtonians, and stimulated the sale of refreshing liquors in the pavilion. One of those sudden changes so familiar to cricketers came over the game. Mr. E. Field went in with malice prepense, to punish the slows, and we are bound to say that he carried out his intentions. Although we are sorry to see Mr. Field not looking very robust, he still hits with all his old vigour. His first or second ball he skyed to such a height that in nine cases out of ten it would have been a catch, or at least a chance. On this occasion, however, nobody was about. The fielders seemed to have a doubt whose catch it was, and between the two the ball and the catch came to the ground. Afterwards he sent another right into the hands of long-stop, who missed it. Mr. J. Makinson made a desperate grab at another, and had he been an inch taller would have secured it. Mr. Field, however, is *sui generis*, and he soon rattled up forty-two and brought out his bat. One of his forward drives right up to the new road, reminded us of a big hit of Jackson's, some years since. The fielders had some difficulty in finding the ball, which had got into the old ditch, now filled up, whereupon "long Jack" sardonically remarked, "happen it's gone down one of them Salford chimneys." After those we have mentioned, the dry rot set in, and the remaining wickets fell fast. Mr. Fildes was run out for one; Mr. Harrop was bowled by Morley for two; Hickton by Mr. Rutter for three; and Mr. Mudd and Mr. Pountney scored one between them. The innings closed for 196 runs. Morley got five wickets, Mr. Rutter two, Mr. John Brown one, and Mr. J. Makinson, one. There was only one extra to be added to the score, which said a great deal for the straightness of the bowling and the long stopping.

The fielding of Broughton was, on the whole, good; but Mr. Dearden has yet to learn that stopping a ball is a part of a fielder's business. Obstructiveness in the field is evidently not one of his cricketing qualifications. Broughton is decidedly weak in bowling; and in this innings they sorely wanted a change. How is it that there are no young bowlers coming out? This comes of no practice at nights; no scratch and toss-up matches. There appears to be no means of discovering any latent talent, yet latent talent we have no doubt exists. Full many a bowler is born to blush unseen, and waste his sweetness on the desert air, including other pastimes besides cricket. Lowering subscriptions in order to bring in Tom, Dick, and Harry won't do. A good bowler is a more valuable and important cricketer than a good batsman; and it certainly surprises us that, of the numerous young and active striplings belonging to the Broughton Club, none of them appears to be fired with the slightest ambition of taking the places of Mr. Payne and Mr. J. Makinson, who cannot be expected to last for ever.

On Friday evening the game closed with one wicket down on the Broughton side, and with the score standing at thirty-two, Mr. "H. Jones" (the best colt which Broughton has turned out since the days of Mr. H. Whittington, Mr. Wright, and Mr. H. Barber), and Mr. Moorhouse being still in. On Saturday the game was resumed between twelve and one o'clock, but Mr. Moorhouse failing to turn up in time his wicket was lost. This was hard for Broughton; but rules at cricket must be rigidly adhered to, and we should as soon think of breaking a rule at cricket as we should of ignoring a revoke at whist. It was now that the interest in the game commenced. Broughton had 117 in all to score to save their innings, and were bent upon doing so. Manchester was equally determined to make them follow their innings, and so make losing on their side next to impossible, while it might give them a good chance of despatching their opponents before seven o'clock. Mr. E. Butler was bowling at one end, Hickton at the other, Mr. Field behind the wickets, and they all meant mischief. Conspicuous in the field was the flaming black and red striped shirt of Captain Dawson, with knickerbocker hose of the same hue. The blue and white stripes of Mr. Fildes were active and on the alert at point. We may here state that on cold days, like last Friday and Saturday, coloured and motley costumes are admissible; but in blazing hot weather white "is the only wear." Foppery on the cricket field is unendurable; and we have sometimes seen players got up like the Jolly Nash or the Great Vance, whose vulgarity has positively made us ill. Mr. Filde's blue and white stripes were in good taste; but we certainly were surprised to see Mr. F. Rutter, who generally sacrifices to the graces from his legs upwards, turn out in a black waistcoat. The wickets went down very fast. Mr J. Makinson was caught cleverly after scoring eleven. The colt, Mr. "Jones," played an excellent innings of forty-four; and while the young Anchises was making his runs, his "stern parient," Mr. Septuagesimus, stood steadfast as a rock on the eminence behind, complacently watching the pleasing performance.

Before dinner all the Broughtonians were out for ninety-six runs, and consequently had to follow their innings. It required 118 runs to save the match being lost in one innings, and at first it looked as if Broughton would not get them. However, when John Brown and Mr. J. Makinson got together, they made a stand and warded off a catastrophe. Mr. Brown made eighteen, and Mr. Makinson fifty-three in his old and best style. Morley scored thirty-six. The Manchester bowling began to get rather loose, and Hickton, who had been at it all day, was getting fagged. Mr. Field went on with his slow lobs, and to the amazement of everybody, and his own intense amusement, he completely stitched up Mr. C. "Robinson," and bowled him out after a few vain attempts on the part of the batter to strike.

Broughton's total score was 147, leaving Manchester 48 runs to get, to win in barely half-an-hour. This was possible, but not probable. Mr. E. Butler and Captain Dawson appear at the wickets. The wary John Brown avoids going on with his slows, and Morley and Mr. F. Rutter handle the ball. Mr. E. Butler is again unfortunate and retires for two, clean bowled by Morley, but, like all good cricketers, he is inured to disappointment and smokes the pipe of resignation. Meanwhile Old Time turns on his hour glass. There is a sudden crash among the timber behind Captain Dawson, and the black and red colours of the gallant officer, are lowered by a shooter from the ex-corporal of the Broughton Volunteer Fire Brigade. Immediately the clock strikes seven.

Thus ended the match, leaving Manchester 36 runs to get, and nine wickets standing. There was a large attendance, including representatives of the Western, Cheetham Hill, Longsight, and other clubs. Moreover, although there was no band

To pierce the fearful hollow of thine ear,

a number of ladies were present. If the redoubtable Mr. Digby Grant was not present, there was somebody very like him; and there were certainly more than Two Roses on the ground. Roses! ay, and Lilies too—one in particular, the cynosure of many eyes. Leave bands and such meretricious attractions to effeminate flower-shows and unmanly Hurlingham pigeon-shooting matches; cricket can take care of itself. So long as the rowdy element is left out ladies will attend. Admit the roughs, and, as a matter of course, they retire. The gentlemen follow suit, and

corn grows where Troy was.

The return match will be played at Old Trafford on the 25th and 26th of August.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE PROFESSION OF ORPHANISM.

A VERY objectionable exhibition has this last week been going the rounds of the streets. Two children push along a third in a perambulator; all three are labelled "fatherless," and a money box is a conspicuous object in the procession. This theatrical assertion of orphanage is a most improper and offensive way of imposing upon the charitable instincts of the public. Surely nothing can be more degrading to the children themselves, than thus to go about the streets with their misfortunes ticketed upon them. We suppose the people who induce these hapless young ones to exhibit themselves thus call themselves their friends, and mean to be so; but it is a very mistaken friendship to bring children up in the idea that their being fatherless is a circumstance to make money out of. The impression is too prevalent already, and needs no inculcating. Somehow or other, philanthropists generally manage to do as much harm as good. We can attribute only to such good Samaritans as these the thriving business which is done in various misfortunes and infirmities by hundreds of the vagabonds who live on so-called charity.

MR. FLORENCE'S CAPTAIN CUTTLE.

Mr. John Brougham's dramatized version of a portion of *Dombey and Son*, first produced in Manchester ten years ago, with Mr. Florence as Captain Cuttle, Mr. Henry Irving as Dombey, and Mr. Everill as Major Bagstock, is perhaps the best of the stage adaptations of Dickens's works. Mr. Brougham has handled the novel very freely, omitting incidents and characters in a most daring fashion, and yet has managed with admirable skill to preserve the spirit of the novelist throughout. It is an innovation, of course, to make Captain Cuttle the central figure of the drama, but so long as this change meets the exigencies of the stage we cannot see that it is a subject for censure or regret. We presume Mr. Brougham had the peculiar abilities of Mr. Florence in his mind's eye when preparing the play, but whether this be so or not Mr. Florence has certainly made the part of Captain Cuttle his own, as completely as Mr. Jefferson has appropriated Rip Van Winkle, and Mr. Alfred Wigan has won a monopoly of the infatuated Frenchman in *The First Night*. The character has been most carefully and conscientiously studied in every detail, and the impersonation is an extremely interesting and genuine piece of acting. The remaining personages of the drama are well sustained by the members of the Prince's Company,—Mr. Bracewell as Jack Bunsby, Mr. Haywell as Dombey, Mr. Warde as Carker, and Miss Edmondson as Florence Dombey each deserving a special word of praise. We have never seen Miss Edmondson to so much advantage.

THE BALLOT BILL.

Should the Ballot Bill pass this session some important results may be expected to follow. Advocates of the ballot conceive that the adoption of secret voting would produce a better and truer representation of the country. It follows, then, that the passing of the measure must precipitate a general election, as it would be an anomaly to have a Parliament sitting which had not been elected by an existing law. The probability

is, therefore, if the Bill passes] this session, that there will be a general election either during the autumn of this year or in the spring of next. This contingency, however, may militate against the progress of the measure. The present Parliament is only in the third year of its existence, and it is possible that lukewarm supporters of the ballot may prefer giving it the cold shoulder, in order to avoid an appeal to their constituents. On the other hand, it was currently reported in London last week that should the Bill be rejected, the Government had determined to dissolve Parliament, and go to the country on the question. The summary way in which the Army Bill has been dealt with, and the advent of the Ballot Bill, give a show of credence to this view; and at present it does not seem likely that, under any circumstances, a general election can be much longer delayed. Should the bill pass, it will be interesting to watch whether the number of actual voters at an election will increase or be diminished under the system of secret voting. The abolition of the hustings will do away with much of the excitement, and the waverers—those who hang back at the poll until they see what candidates are likely to win—will be put out of court. During the hours of polling, of course, no returns of the voting will or can be issued. Possibly the want of this popular excitement may diminish the interest in elections, and] thus decrease the number of voters.

CATS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—I read your article upon cats last week with much interest. A great deal has been written in the natural history papers recently upon "the homing faculty of pigeons." How about this faculty in cats? There are scores of instances, well authenticated, of cats having been taken long distances, and finding their way back to their homes again. Here is a very recent one. A half-grown black kitten was taken in a basket from a house in Johnson Street, Smedley Lane, Cheetham, about ten days ago, to Cook Street, Stretford Road, and in less than a week she found her way back to her mother and birthplace. She must, in doing this, have crossed through the densest part of the city, probably choosing darkness to do it in, and when her colour would be favourable to her safety.—Yours, F.F.

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE COMMITTEE-MAN.

AS it was with a sketch of the Honorary Secretary that I commenced this series of studies (to prevent misunderstanding with foreign booksellers I ought to say that "the right of translation is reserved") it sometimes appears to me almost unaccountable why I should have delayed dealing with the Committee-man so long. In life the two are inseparable, and in fiction they should not be divided. It was quite by accident that I started with the Hon. Secretary; certainly it originated from no desire to be offensive to the Committee-man. Which should have the precedence in point of official rank] it would be difficult to say. I should doubt if there were any rigid rule upon the subject. I consider an Hon. Sec. very high up in the scale of created beings; but I have known a Committee-man who, in point of moral virtue and intellectual "robur," would have been a very hard nut to crack—if you succeeded in finding his kernel even then, and who in a hand-to-hand conflict with any Honorary Secretary would have toed the mark with agility, vivacity, and promptitude, planting his blows neatly, and knocking out the teeth of his opponent with cleanliness and precision so as to avoid unnecessary bloodshed.

The gentleman I have in my mind's eye at this moment was named Crutchton, commonly called Admirable Crutchton by his friends and acquaintance; whilst to others, who preferred to bestow their eulogy in an abbreviated form—the people's edition—Mr. Crutchton went under the name of the Admiral. I first met him at Troughington, where I resided a few years ago. It is at this sequestered village that pigs are slain, dried, and salted by machinery, and the Troughington mechanical hams have a celebrity which may be called world-wide; also the Black Jack, or Troughington pigs' pudding, is a favourite in the halls of the noble and the shelty of the Highlander alike. From Pendlebury in the north to the Polynesian group in the south, the Black Jack may be said to make the whole world kin in every instance in which it has not previously made them sick.

There was at the time of which I write a great amount of public spirit in Troughington, of which the Admirable Crutchton was the guide. Having provided himself with a religion in early life, from which it was his habit to say that he should not flinch—as if he were constantly being prodded at with a red-hot iron, like an early martyr—he could thus not be a committee-man in every church and chapel in the village. This was a great source of annoyance to the Admirable (or Admiral, if you prefer it short). But he revenged himself by being on every other committee that he could either scrape together himself, or get anyone else to do, and his activity in this regard was most remarkable. The young men from Mr. Ramm, the upholsterer, had scarcely adjusted the furniture in my new Troughington domicile when I perceived three gentlemen approaching the house in a most solemn and formal manner. It proved to be a deputation, headed by the Admiral, and I shortly afterwards received three cards—Mr. Roger Bacon Crutchton, Mr. Hales Owen, and Mr. Victor Pfirsch. The Admiral opened the ball by saying that they had ventured to call upon me, as representatives of the Executive Committee of the Troughington Bowling Club—President, the rector of the parish (though lumbago and his partner in life prevented his enjoying that noble pastime); Vice-president, Mr. Samuel Cauliflower, junior, J.P.; Hon. Sec., Mr. Pfirsch—who here intimated that it would make for him much enjoyment if I could go in with this Angelegenheit. Seeing that they meant formality, and were well laid in with ceremonious devices, more particularly Mr. Pfirsch, I gave them their heads, and very much amusement I had out of them. After having requested them to leave a copy of their rules, I promised that I would favourably regard their invitation to join the bowling club. Mr. Pfirsch metaphorically retired from the scene, and was momentarily scratched, whilst the other two formed themselves into a new committee, as representatives of the Troughington Mutual Improvement Society. Nothing could exceed the vigour and relish with which Mr. Bacon Crutchton went over the old ground again. As I was supposed to be a literary character (I had written at that time a few fancy advertisements for a hatter), I was asked to contribute a paper to the society. It must be on a practical subject, and not exceed forty minutes in the perusal. Mr. Flange, a young gentleman in Fender's warehouse, would, at the next meeting, read an essay, one of a series on diet, entitled "Broad Beans; or Food for the Middle Aged." This would be followed by another, to be contributed by Crutchton himself, on "The Parsnip, as a Muscle Producer." After prodigious parleying I consented to give them half an hour on a future evening "On the Vegetable Marrow, in Health and Disease," so as to round off the series prior to the annual soiree, when there was to be an assault-at-arms, and the Admiral would cut a sheep in two with a Turkish scimetar. All this was very satisfactory to the deputation, who refused to take anything to drink. I signed articles to the Mutual Improvement Society as if it were a schooner; had a ticket of membership made out on the spot; was informed by the Admiral that it was a fine evening (and I did not like to say it was *not*), and, after Pfirsch had barked his shins on the scraper at the front door, this bothering, palavering triplet went on their way rejoicing.

From that moment during all the time I dated from Troughington—which was about a year and a half—I never got rid of these men. Their circulars were everywhere, and their placards followed suit. They held committee meetings constantly, now in the train as it rolled along, and at the station when it stopp d,

and again on the road as they went home. A committee meeting had always either been held the night before or was about to be holden that evening. Occasionally I could hear that there had been rows at the Council Board, and one or other absented himself from the particular coupé in which they were in the habit of riding to town. The invariable solution of the discord was always announced to me something in this wise—"If Mr. Pfirsch calls himself a gentleman, I advise him to act accordingly. Englishmen are downright in their dealings—and above board—foreign education may excuse much, but it can never excuse meanness—the mean man I detest, sir—I can stand a liar, but meanness is my abhorrence; let him pay the eighteenpence which he owes me and that pint bottle of beer which his wife borrowed when they had their party," and so on, and so on. Smallness, silliness, ineffectualness—all mixed up together in a nauseating amalgam of bosh—but dispensed with a gravity and formality which could not possibly be surpassed.

Mr. Crutchton once gave a thick tea for the purpose, as he said, of a friendly chat amongst the members generally on the propriety of draining the bowling green. The introduction in some profusion of the early spring onion at this repast caused the sentiments of the company to be delivered with considerable elasticity, and as I sat near to the Admiral on that occasion, I can answer for it that he smelt very like an operative on an excursion carrying his own refreshment in a belcher handkerchief. The verbose tedium of that memorable evening will accompany me to my grave, whenever I think of it, and I very frequently do. Indeed I aways do when I see Pfirsch who is really the worst of the lot. The repetition of *our* chairman—*our* secretary—the chairman, sir—Mr. Vice, sir,—was sufficient to make a parson swear. I am not in the Church and yet I sw——well, the hemorrhage was internal so we will say no more about it. The last time I had anything to do with the Committee was on the occasion of their framing an address to Crutchton on his being elected a town councillor. Mr. Victor Pfirsch threw himself into this pastime with more than his ordinary vigour, and we had a personal altercation as to whether the address should commence Mr. Councillor, or Mr. Town Councillor or Councillor. He fought each paragraph of the address like a Trojan, and at the last died hard and with his harness on his back; in fact, he was on his back himself when I parted with him at his own door—in an advanced state as it is called—at an advanced period of the night, and his last words were to me "good night, mine dear sir, Schlafen sie wohl," and then in an undertone, not intended for my ear, "Seien sie verdammt." Oh, Mr. Pfirsch!

A CHEAP TRIP TO SOUTHPORT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—Thus far I had often reached, in an intended appeal to your sympathy, your judgment, your—in short all the other great powers of mind and so on which, it is well known, distinguish you and all other editors from the common herd; but when it came to composing my thoughts sufficiently, so that I could decide how to begin, my good intentions turned away and lost the name of action. This time, however, I find that I actually have begun, and, as I really think I have something to say, I trust you will bear with me while I bestow all my tediousness upon your worship.

The fact is, I have been to Southport. There is nothing, perhaps, very astonishing in that. Many people have been thither. You have been thither. You have been, *we* have been, and have made divers observations on Southport, as seen "in the season," in which you have been, to put it mildly, critical; as seen in October, but, ah!

> The tender grace of a day that is dead,
> Shall never come back to me;

and as it appeared in winter, when you seem to have experienced in your own plural person all the discomforts which could be imagined to affect a visitor at such a season. Now I went to Southport at none of those times, and my name is not to be found in the list of visitors, for I went for the day, and, I don't blush to own it, I went by an excursion train—cheap trip I suppose I may call it; and although an outing of this kind is a thing I never did before, I can't promise that it shall never occur again, for the truth is, I enjoyed it.

The way my excursion came about was this. My wife, Mrs. Tripper, had been suggesting that it was really quite time we went to see a certain distant relative of her's—a sort of half aunt once removed—who, like the Last Minstrel, was infirm and old; and though it was perfectly understood on both sides that the old lady's worldly possessions would devolve upon her more immediate relatives, we generally paid her a visit once a year, or oftener. My objections that I really couldn't find time, and besides it was just turned quarter-day and we must be very economical, didn't seem to answer, so I suggested, with some shrewdness as I thought, "Why shouldn't we go on the cheap? I see Southport and back for half-a-crown advertized everywhere." "The very thing," says she. "We've been to all those places in an expensive manner, and I dare say we should enjoy ourselves just as much in this way. There'll only be the railway fare, for we shall dine with Aunt Maxfield, and you can have your smoke at the hotel, and fancy you are at the Gloucester." There was, of course, no escape after this. So it was arranged we were to go on Monday to "Southport, the Montpelier of England," by the train advertised to start at 7 15 a.m. As this required an unusual amount of early rising, there was silence in the halls of Tripper soon after ten o'clock on Sunday night, and we were all astir before five a.m., at which hour (though it may not be generally known) it was light.

At the early hour of seven, Market Street was chiefly peopled with policemen and newspaper-boys—not the ordinary street-sellers, but boys or men with a well-known stand at a street corner or in a doorway, and at the station the supply of literature was quite equal to the demand. Arrived, ticket-armed, on the platform, there was a small assembly of excursionists, momentarily increased, and a long train came from the mysterious land beyond the Ducie Bridge. This was for Blackpool and Fleetwood, and into this, a large portion of the assembly dived. Another and another came up and bore off its quota, and it was at last given out that the Southport train did not start till five and twenty minutes to eight, and that time and that train soon arrived. Having secured a comfortable seat in an old second-class carriage we started, in company with a couple of elderly eight-day excursionists, and after a few stoppages, arrived at Bolton in half-an-hour. Here we took in a few more folks, and on we went, reaching Wigan at a quarter to nine. A steady run of half-an-hour through a rich undulating and well-wooded country, followed by a sandy, well-tilled flat, chiefly given to potatoes, brought us to Southport.

It was about 9 30 a.m. on a splendid morning in June, that two travellers might be seen turned loose upon Southport, in the midst of one of the streets of which there was held a debate on what was to be done first. "Shall we first call on the old lady, and make sure of her?" said he. "Or go and have just one glimpse of the sea?" said she. "Or have a bit of lunch first?" said he. The lunch had it, and we had the lunch, and a few minutes afterwards were on the parade and saw something at the distance of a mile or two which we persuaded ourselves was the sea. "Now for the old lady," said I, for she has a habit of changing her abode every two or three months, just as the Mrs. Lirriper for the time being gets tired of them, or they of Mrs. Lirriper, for *they* are the old lady, her companion, and a joint maid. "Let us go and find out whether, like the old woman under the hill, she is gone, or lives there still." No. 126, Tichbourne Street was the last address we possessed, and that we essayed to find. Tichbourne Street begins no where particular, like Piccadilly, but we got into it and followed it to the end, where the last number was 48. "Perhaps it was 26," Mrs. T. suggested. "Let us hope so," said I, philosophically, for I instinctively felt that we were likely to be in a fix. No. 26 I found occupied by a professional gentleman, but as I was not going to have a tooth out I rang the bell unfalteringly. A charming young lady opened the door and announced the sad truth that our old friend was, as Mrs. Gamp would say, unbeknown. The druggist, another professional at a shop close by, disclaimed all acquaintance with her. At the Post-office I was told that

the letter-carriers could probably tell me the address and that they would be in from half-past one to two. But that's dinner time, I despairingly ejaculated, when I got outside. Where shall I dine, as the man says in the play. The car drivers were more useful. One of them gave me the name of a house which proved to be next door to where our friend had lodged, and at the latter we were referred to Mrs. Bimini, Cheltenham Street, "but they've left there," added our informant. "And still he whispered Bimini," said the poet. So did I, in a subdued whisper, which faded away altogether at the sight of "a card" in the front parlour window, and another in the upper or drawing room window. The answer was simply crushing. "They left last Thursday, sir, last Thursday as ever was. She's gone to stay a month or two at New Brighton. I can give you her address." With a melancholy satisfaction we took this last tribute to her memory and turned away.

The great dinner question stared us in the face. We had spent an hour and a half in our fruitless search, and I suddenly found that the effect of our early lunch had disappeared. More must be had before we could go much further. So we looked about to find something answering to Yates's or Mrs. Bakewell's or her vis-a-vis Parker's, where we could find the variously constituted pie or the contemptible, but much-resorted-to, sandwich at the front, and the more solid viands at a later hour beyond. There may be such, but such we found not, and even at the ordinary confectioner's, where was the airy puff and the pie of the period, there was no beer. How would you like to have your dry toast and bacon at one hotel and be asked to go to a coffee-shop for your cup of tea. Or have your mutton chop at Beresford's, and have to go to the Thatched House for your stout? Of the two things, however, we determined, at least I did, for by this time I had taken the command, to do without the pie, and I shortly found a "public" which took my fancy, and we entered. Shown into a room evidently used for dining, we found the beer good, and found also that we could have dinner at one o'clock at a moderate price. For both these reasons despair quickly vanished. I bespoke dinner, and proudly led the way to the Promenade and to the Pier.

If you expect me to say much about the Promenade you will be disappointed. It extends from the Royal Hotel, which takes its name from the adjoining Coronation Walk, to the Victoria Hotel, so that the monarchical idea has not yet died out here at all events. It begins again, and goes in the direction of Preston as far as the Convalescent Institution. Opposite the Victoria is the entrance to the Pier, in front of which a newspaper hawker and a telescope man were indulging in an objurgatory duet, of a character betraying a sad want of refinement, amid a crowd of donkey-lads, excursionists, pier-keepers, and such like. What the police regulations of Southport may be I don't know, but except they include a power to exclude such vagabonds from the Promenade and the Pier I am inclined to think them defective. Scorning the luxurious tramway sofa, we walked the whole length of the pier. The floor or deck is boarded diagonally with small spaces between, which gives it a strange, twilled, semi-dazzling effect. Arrived at some distance, I found there was a continuation Pier, for which I must pay again. It is rather a delusion to get you so far for a penny, for it is quite evident one must go on to the end. Just before the second Pier, however, there was a small refreshment-room, and I will just put it to any reasonable person whether he would have gone in or not. I, being reasonable, went in, partly to inspect generally; secondly, to see for something to eat. A plate of Abernethy biscuits was not tempting, and who eats all the little biscuits and fancy cakes I don't know, but there was nothing I could eat. You can't assuage hunger with an Eccles cake the size of a five shilling piece, or even a triangle of Scotch-cake. At last I found some nice-looking sausage rolls, and though I look on them generally with suspicion, I plunged a dagger into the side of one, and found it a nice cylinder of pastry, evidently a week old, with a hard paste of highly-seasoned meat inside about the size of a good-sized lob-worm. The beer was to correspond, but better.

At length we got to the end of the Pier, where we suppose we saw the beauty and fashion of Southport. There was some tolerable amount of beauty, but not much fashion. Sitting down there to smoke and ruminate, I came to the conclusion that Southport has very much improved within the last few years, and could be much more improved by more visitors coming to remove the tale-telling cards from the windows. The market is one of which I should like to see half-a-dozen such in Manchester, and many of the shops in Lord Street and the neighbourhood seem to be excellent. The present population of Southport appears to be of the elderly people, retired tradesmen, widows, annuitants, and such like, from the towns round about, a few young ladies, a good many children, and almost no young men. The hotels are good, "table d'hote at 6 30, price 4s. 6d." The Palace Hotel is one of the best houses of the kind I ever was in. But there seems to be a want of accommodation for visitors of moderate means, who come to spend only a short time in the place. At least, if there is such, one doesn't know where to go for it. At the pier head there are the old sailing boats as of yore, with a posse of buccaneers to make you a passenger by the Mary Ann or the Lively Polly, willy-nilly; also a steamer or two, which go a few hundred yards up and down in front of the pier; and a small band or orchestra placed in a large hastener or plate-warmer with its back to the wind.

Finding that my musings had brought me very near one o'clock, we took seats on the travelling divan and were soon at our hostelry, where we made a good dinner off a roast leg of mutton, new potatoes, and cucumber, for a shilling each, and were served with very good stout at 2d. per glass. Need it be told how we afterwards sauntered to low water to watch the tide come in, and back again to the sand-hills, and reposed on the starr or bent which grows thereon; or of a call for a cup of tea. Probably not, but we may say that we appeared again at the station, where we found our old carriage unoccupied, and started punctually at the appointed time, 5 45, arriving at Hunt's Bank at 7 40.

This was my first experience of a day excursion, and though the primary object of our visit was unfulfilled, we spent a very pleasant day. The train kept time, the carriages were comfortable and clean, and the passengers well dressed, civil, and sober. I can only add, that on the next available Monday there will be found among the excursionists to somewhere, your sincere friend,

A. TRIPPER.

SHAKESPERE AS A NATURALIST.

2.—BIRDS AND INSECTS.

WE have seen that Shakespere, in one department, at least, of natural history was not only in advance of his age, but that his genius in many instances anticipated modern discoveries. In short, that the poet sang of trees and flowers in the spirit of a true botanist. We now propose to regard him as a naturalist proper; and first we shall try to prove his claim to the character, by a reference to the birds and insects mentioned in his works.

In *Timon of Athens*, Act IV., Scene 6, the following passage occurs:—

> LORD.—The swallows follow not summer more willing than we do your lordship.
>
> TIMON (aside).—Nor more willingly leave winter. Such summer birds are men.

When this fine illustration of human ingratitude was written it was a common belief that swallows, at the approach of winter, hybernated in old ruins, outhouses, under the sheltered banks of rivers, in the broken masonry of walls, and the like. The doctrine of migration was then by no means established. Long afterwards a naturalist so observant as White, of Selborne, clung with singular tenacity to the idea of their remaining in a torpid state during the winter. Even in the present day the peasantry believe these graceful summer visitants, instead of winging their mysterious way hither from the sunny south, wake from their winter's sleep, and re-appear as suddenly as they vanished. Our poet entertained more rational opinions on the subject, and in anticipation held the creed of Bewick and Jesse. His swallows followed the summer and left chilly winter behind them.

Lady Macduff, commenting bitterly on the flight of her husband from the machinations of Macbeth, says:—

> Wisdom! To leave his wife, to leave his babes:
> He wants the natural touch;—for the poor wren,
> The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
> Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

The extraordinary affection—destroying all natural fear and defying all odds—displayed by birds for their young is known to all sportsmen and naturalists. A hen will sacrifice her life to preserve her chickens; and anyone that has seen a pointer accidentally break into a covey of

partridges before the season will have received the strongest proof of the power of natural affection in birds. The particular example cited by the indignant wife in the text might well have been witnessed by Shakespere in his homestead at Stratford. There, too, this marvellous observer may have traced actions back to their causes, and have learned that for weak and gentle things

> to be furious,
> Is to be *frighted* out of fear; and in that mood
> The dove will peck the estridge.

No creatures live such busy, active, restless lives as birds, and amongst them the swallow is pre-eminent for unwearying activity, often continuing on the wing during the sixteen or seventeen hours that constitute a summer day. Ever in pure air, skimming over meadow or mere, now wheeling far above the tree tops, we may well believe them intolerant of atmospheric impurities. It has often been asserted that they forsake localities where epidemics raze; we do not vouch for the truth of this, but can readily accept such statement. Situated on a high bank above the Spey, the ruins of Macbeth's Castle overlook as fair a scene as Britain can show; mountain and meadow, woodland and lake, river and ocean, are all to be viewed from its mouldering walls, round which innumerable martins and swifts were skimming as we sat on the short turf to enjoy the purity and loveliness of the scene. How freshly the bloody deed, immortalized by our poet, recurred to us. Once more the guileless Banquo seemed to say:—

> This guest of summer
> The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
> By his loved mansionary, that the heaven's breath
> Smells wooingly here: no jetty frieze, buttress,
> Nor coign of vantage, but this bird hath made
> His pendant bed and procreant cradle; where they
> Most breed and haunt, I have observed the air
> Is delicate.

The truth of this epithet, temple-haunting, may still be seen on the walls of hundreds of our country churches, and it needs no comment to point out the truth contained in the concluding line. The deduction drawn from the presence of these birds was new probably at the close of the 10th century. Nor are the observations of our poet on the cuckoo less worthy of the naturalist, and in justice we feel compelled to quote the passage at some length, Henry VIII., Part I:—

> It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
> Of favour from myself and all my house;
> And yet I must remember you, my lord,
> We were the first and dearest of your friends;
> It was myself, my brother, and my son
> That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
> The dangers of the time.
> And from the swarm of fair advantages
> You took occasion to be quickly wooed
> To gripe the general sway into your hand;
> And being fed by us, you used us so
> As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo bird,
> Useth the sparrow—did oppress our nest;
> Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
> That even our love durst not come near your sight,
> For fear of swallowing, but with nimble wing
> We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
> Out of your sight.

The cuckoo is insectiverous, and only deposits her eggs in the nests of such small birds as feed on insects; hence her frequent employment of the sparrow as a foster-mother. The fact of the young cuckoo turning out its weaker companions, the natural inmates of the nest, is, writes Jesse, now undisputed. The act is usually performed on the second day after the birds are hatched. The ungrateful intruder is therefore justly charged with "oppressing" the house that sheltered it. At Aubery, in Warwickshire, the seat of Mr. Francis Newdigate, one of these interlopers was sheltered in the nest of a wagtail, and became an object of interest to the family. One morning, whilst restlessly moving in his narrow bed, he fell to the ground, and was placed on a wall close at hand. The bird that had so long fed him, frightened probably at the formidable appearance, or detecting the imposition so successfully practised upon her, refused to feed him any longer. In fact, as our naturalist puts it, he had grown, perhaps, by feeding, to so great a bulk, that even maternal love durst not come near him for fear of being swallowed. The entire poetic application is most prosaic fact.

We turn now to insects. The Ghost has given to Hamlet the details of his murder. Time wanes, and he must leave the earth he has been permitted to revisit for

> The glowworm shows the matin to be near
> And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.

The female glowworm is a wingless insect, whilst the male is a true beetle, furnished not only with wings, but wing cases. It was and still is believed by some naturalists that her light serves, as M. Dumtöd poetically expresses it, "for the lamp of love; the pharos, the telegraph of the night, which scintillates and marks in the silence of darkness the spot appropriated for the lovers rendezvous." Ray first noticed the same brightness in the males, and Geoffery and Müller confirm the accuracy of the statement. Kirby and Spence tell us that glowworms have the faculty of concealing or extinguishing their lights. This, however, is an error, for it is certain the insect does not put out its lamp when alarmed or even taken up in the hand. Shakespere, in the preceeding quotation, has afforded his commentators no cause for controversy on a point hardly yet sufficiently established, for he has merely said the ligh of the glowworm is "ineffectual," and begins to grow "pale" before the morning sun. This, we think, is the exact truth, for we believe the light is involuntary, and may be seen glowing, with greater or less intensity, during the entire existence of the animal. Baron de Geer strongly supports this opinion, and says "this insect shines in its infant state, in that of larva, and even after it has taken the form of a nymph." Of course, therefore, its light would be seen by day as well as by night, "did it not pale before the morning sun."

The speech of Mamilius in the *Winter's Tale*,

> I will tell it softly,
> Yon crickets shall not hear it.

shows that Shakespere had a more accurate knowledge of insects than two of our most distinguished naturalists, Linnæus and Bonnet, who are disposed to deny that insects can hear at all. Every boy knows that the field cricket which, during the summer, is by no means sparing of its song, ceases the instant it hears a foot-fall. Brunelli, an Italian naturalist, tried several experiments on this creature. He kept a number of them in a room, which, when undisturbed, sang during the entire day. The instant a knock was given on the door, they were silent. Scarcely satisfied, Brunelli subsequently made an instrument which enabled him to imitate their chirrup. Probably it was a little false, as at first a few of the prisoners only would reply by soft whispers, but, becoming reconciled, presently burst out in full chorus to answer their friends outside. On the rap being repeated at the door they again stopped, as if alarmed. He likewise confined a male on one side of his garden, and on the other side placed a female, at liberty, which, as soon as she heard his cry, immediately made her way to him. The experiment was frequently repeated with the same result, leaving no doubt that, as Shakespere would have said, "the cricket heard it."

Who would not feel proud to have written the following passages—to have inculcated so sweetly the virtue of humanity:—

> The poor beetle that we tread upon
> In corporal sufference finds a pang as great
> As when a giant dies.
>
> *Measure for Measure*, Act 3, Scene 1.

> MARCUS.—Alas! my lord, I have but killed a fly.
> TITUS. — But how if that fly had a father and mother:
> How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
> And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
> Poor harmless fly, that, with his pretty buzzing melody,
> Came here to make us merry, and thou hast killed him.
>
> *Titus Andronicus.*

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Every Friday and Saturday, until Saturday, October 28th, 1871, RETURN TICKETS, at the following low fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN, by any of the Ordinary Trains, available for returning by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

Stations.	FARES. To Buxton. 1st Cls.	To Buxton. 2nd Cls.	To Matlock. 1st Cls.	To Matlock. 2nd Cls.	To Malvern. 1st Cls.	To Malvern. 2nd Cls.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Manchester	6 0	4 6	9 6	7 0	24 0	18 3
Stockport (Tev. Dale)	5 0	3 6	8 6	6 0	22 0	16 0
Stalybridge } ..... Guide Bridge }	5 0	3 6	9 0	6 6	23 6	17 6

In Manchester Tickets can be obtained at Cook's Excursion and Tourist Office, 43, Piccadilly; and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALPORT,
Derby, June, 1871. General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN, AND MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, & LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAYS.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON.

A Cheap Excursion to LONDON (King's Cross Station) will run as under, on MONDAY, 3rd July, Returning from King's Cross at 11 0 a.m. on Friday, 7th July.

STATIONS.	Time. morn	Time. morn.	Fares to London, King's Cross, and Back. Cov. Car.	First Class.
MANCHESTER, London-rd. dp	—	10 10		
OLDHAM, Clegg-street	—	9 40		
STALYBRIDGE	—	9 55		
ASHTON, Park Parade	—	9 50		
Dukinfield	—	10 2		
Hayfield	8 40	—	s.	s.
NEW MILLS	8 49	—	15	25
Marple	8 57	—		
Hyde	—	10 12		
GUIDE BRIDGE.....	—	10 20		
STOCKPORT, Teviot Dale	9 40	—		
LONDON, King's Cross, ar. ab	4 0	5 25		

Tickets, Bills, and every information can be had in Manchester at the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Booking Offices: also at 6, Brown-street (opposite the Post Office); at the above Stations; and from the usual Agents.

R. G. UNDERDOWN,
London Road Station, General Manager
Manchester, June, 1871

CARPETS. R. H. GIBSON.
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CARPETS.—R. H. GIBSON has just purchased 500 PIECES, and will sell them at prices that will both please as well as astonish. Good Tapestry Brussels, 2s 4½d.. extra quality, 2s. 9d.; 500 Pieces Best Handloom Brussels, 3s. 4½d.; 350 Axminster Rugs, at 12s. 6d. HALF PRICE.

90 to 96, STRETFORD ROAD.

FURNITURE R. H. GIBSON.
FURNITURE. R. H. GIBSON.
FURNITURE. R. H. GIBSON.

FURNITURE.—Drawing-Room Suite complete, from 8 to 40 guineas; Dining-Room Suites, in leather, from 10 guineas, in real morocco, 19 guineas; Dining Tables, extra leaf and screw, 39s. 6d, to 10 guineas; Walnut Chiffoniers, with plate glass backs and doors, 5 guineas; Marble Slab Washstands. 21s.; Large Mirrors. 40s. to £5.
78, OLDHAM ST.; 90 to 96, STRETFORD ROAD.

BEDSTEADS. R. H. GIBSON.
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BEDROOM FURNITURE. R. H. GIBSON.
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BEDROOM FURNITURE.—R. H. GIBSON, for BEDSTEADS in wood, iron, and brass, fitted with furniture and bedding complete. Suites for bedrooms from 10 guineas. See Illustrated Catalogue Houses completely furnished in three days.
R. H. GIBSON,
90, 92, 94, 96, Stretford Road, and 78, Oldham Street.

VICTORIA WINE COMPANY,
LONDON.
BRANCH, 19, BLACKFRIARS STREET, MANCHESTER.
Port and Sherry, 6s. 6d. per gallon, or 13s. per dozen; Claret, 11s.; Champagne, 25s. per dozen.

WHELPTON'S
VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS
TRADE MARK (REGISTERED)
Are warranted not to contain a single particle of *Mercury* or any other *Mineral Substance*, but to consist entirely of Medicinal Matters, *Purely Vegetable*.
During the last thirty-five years they have proved their value in thousands of instances in diseases of the Head, Chest, Bowels, Liver, and Kidneys; and in all skin complaints are one of the best medicines known.
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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS
AND OINTMENT.
With the changing season it is prudent for all to rectify any ailment afflicting them; but it is incumbent on the aged, suffering under ulcerations and similar sources of debility, to have them removed, as, if neglected, worse consequences may follow. This Ointment is their remedy; on its powers all may confidently rely; it not merely eradicates the sores, but extirpates the mischief at its root, extracts the corroding poison, and stimulates nature to fill up the ulcer with those sound, healthy granulations which should abide through life. Under this treatment bad legs soon become sound scorbutic skins cast off their scales, and scrofulous sores cease to annoy. Such hope for the diseased was unknown in former days.

PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED.

OWEN'S PATENT
PERAMBULATORS
Will hold either ONE OR TWO children
without any increase in the width of the Carriage
from that of an ordinary SINGLE ONE.
Write or call for the New Illustrated Book of Prices for Perambulators and Invalid Carriages, free, containing OPINIONS of the PRESS on this novel INVENTION.

NEW CARRIAGE SHOW ROOMS,
15, PICCADILLY,
OPPOSITE MOSLEY STREET,
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MANCHESTER.

MATHER'S ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM, extracted from the choicest rose-leaves, removes scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of pomades) to the hair, and prevents baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless—Sold by all chemists in bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each.—WILLIAM MATHER H, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.; 19, Hanging Ditch, and 100, Chester Road, Manchester.

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MATHER'S IMPROVED INFANTS' FEEDING BOTTLES, WITH EARTHENWARE FITTINGS. The cheapest ever introduced, and universally admitted to be the most simple, cleanly, and durable.—Sold by all Chemists, at 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. each.

(Established 40 Years.)

STANTON'S Celebrated COUGH PILLS are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs.—W. MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London; and 109 Chester Road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s 9d. each.
CAUTION.—"W. MATHER, Chester Road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box.
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FINE FLAVOURED STRONG BEEF TEA at about 2½d. a pint. ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.
Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c.

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